



## A Fugitive Orphan



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### Chapter 1 by Kimberly C.

#### Chapter 1: Kiara

Do you ever feel like you're being watched?

Like every second there's someone following you?

Like you don't belong in this world?

That's me.

By the way I look you would've thought I was a normal person, when really...I'm a girl on a mission.

I have to find my dad.

When I was 12 my family was perfectly fine. Everything was amazing. My mom would stay home with me when I got home from school. My dad would work and come back early and take me downstairs to his lab and we would work on random projects together.

Right now, I was jumping from building to building, trying to escape the cops.

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Yeah, I'm technically a fugitive, but I'm not a criminal. I'm just trying to find my father.

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And closer I am towards finding my father.

I looked behind me and saw 3 cops still trying to jump over a fence like I did. I smiled and looked forward just in time. I had reached the end of the big building I was running on. I held my balance but looked at the huge gap between this building and the next.

I sighed and moved back a bit to build up some speed.

I turned around and saw them getting closer. I prepared myself and ran. As fast as I could.

When I reached the edge again, I jumped on top and front flipped to the other building.

I had felt my feet hit the ground and I smiled not hearing footsteps behind me anymore.

I had landed and escaped.

I turned around and saw the Officers looking astonished at the jump and at me and I just smiled and lifted my hoodie over my head and ran again.

### 3 Hours Later

I was now back on the street walking around, looking for something to eat. I had some money, but that was only because my family had an emergency money safe. After my mother was killed, I took the money that was in the safe and left the house with the some clothes and valuable objects.

I walked into a local Bodega and took a Half Iced Tea & Half Lemonade Arizona bottle and some sandwich that was already ready to go in the cold food section.

I walked up to the cash register and put my items on the counter without making eye contact. My head was down and my hoodie was up the entire time.

"Uh, \$10.57." He said and I gave him \$11 and told him to keep the change as I left I saw the lights flicker on and off. I looked up to the camera and cut it off...with my mind.

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